

SELECT
P S A L M S
AND
H Y M N S:

Adapted to the
USE of CHRISTIANS,
IN
Family and Public Worship.



D U B L I N:

MDCCLXII.

0-9.0

835-18x

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE following Psalms and Hymns have been selected, that Christians, in their families and public assemblies, may be furnished in a small compass, and at a cheap rate, with proper matter of singing praises to God. In the Book of Psalms, which, undoubtedly, contains the most excellent compositions of that kind, there are many whole Psalms which entirely relate to the particular situation and circumstances of the Psalmist, or of the Jewish nation; and as these cannot be used by us in our worship, with any propriety; and as we have them in our Bibles in the prose translation, which is better than any other English version; there can be no reasonable objection to their being omitted here: There are also many passages of the same kind in other Psalms, for the leaving out of which the same reason holds; and even a stronger one may be given, as they are frequently interspersed
b among

among the finest sentiments, and thereby interrupt us in the use of them. As this is evidently the case, it is expected that the separating what is thus improper, and the bringing together and connecting what is adapted to Christian worship, will be a very acceptable service to such as desire to sing praises to God with understanding and affection; and the more so, as hereby the bulk is much reduced, and the variety considerably increased.

In the choice of the Hymns, there has been a particular attention to the justness of the sentiment, to plainness and perspicuity, and to their containing nothing which can give offence to any sincere Christian in point of doctrine. The excellent rule concerning public devotion, which will be approved of by all who have not the spirit of bigotry and imposition in them, "To avoid every thing
"controversial which may prevent any sin-
"cere disciple of Christ from joining with
"us," equally relates to prayers and praises: As there is abundant matter for both, which is liable to no such exception; and as there is an opportunity, in our meditations,
and

and private addresses to our Maker, of giving way to our particular sentiments, as well as peculiar circumstances; there can be no good argument for introducing them in our religious services in public, when they may interrupt the devotion, and disturb the consciences of any of our Christian brethren.

Upon the whole, it is apprehended, there can be no reasonable objection to the plan of this attempt; and as the design was only to select such Psalms, and passages from Psalms, as were before generally used, and from the most approved translations, with such little alterations as the sense or the smoothness of the verse seemed to require; together with such Hymns, as either were in common use, or which a strain of piety and good sense recommended; it is not much doubted that the execution will meet with some degree of public approbation; tho' it will readily be owned it may admit of great improvement.

Whatever judgment may be passed upon it, in other respects, it is hoped no one will question that the intention was good; and as in order to a concurrence with it, by singing
praises

praises to God in a rational, an acceptable and useful manner, the understanding and suitable affections of the heart must accompany the voice; a more careful attention to this part of worship is recommended, and particularly the practice of singing from the book, without the interruption of the lines being publicly read; as hereby the sense must be better apprehended, (a clear discernment of which is necessary to raise the proper devotional feelings) as well as the harmony improved; and for this the following collection will be found very convenient and well adapted.

SELECT

E R R A T A.

PAGE 60. Line 6. from the bottom, for *what they*, read *what thy*.—P. 62. l. 10. from bottom, for *hands*, read *hand*.

S E L E C T

P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. *Common Measure.*

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
by ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God
his business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
and meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
with timely fruit doth bend;
He still shall flourish, and success
on his best hopes attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
no lasting root shall find;
Untimely, blasted and dispers'd
like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite shall then
among the saints have place.

B

6 For

6 For God approves the just man's ways,
to happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M I. *Long Measure.*

BLEST is the man whose virtuous steps
No wicked counsels lead aside;
Nor stands in sinners ways; nor sits
Where God and goodness men deride.

2 But on the laws divine his love
Is plac'd, his soul's intire delight;
On these his mind is fix'd by day,
On these his wakeful thoughts by night.

3 He, like a tree, from living streams
Derives his sap and kindly juice;
His leaves are ever fresh and green,
His branches timely fruits produce.

4 No cross events shall blast his hopes,
Nor spoil the pleasures of his mind;
Whilst the ungodly are dispers'd
Like chaff, by ev'ry stormy wind.

5 Tho' sinners here may pass for saints,
And base hypocrisie for grace;
Their guilt, when judg'd, shall find no plea,
Nor they among the just a place.

6 God will reward the just men's works,
As he approves the ways they tread;
But the smooth paths of sinners down
To death and to destruction lead.

P S A L M IV. *Common Measure.*

LET sacred awe possess your souls,
 from wicked ways depart;
 Calmly, alone, your actions weigh,
 and commune with your heart.

2 The place of other sacrifice
 let righteousness supply;
 And let your hope, securely fix'd,
 on God alone rely.

3 Whilst many, with impatient minds,
 for worldly good inquire;
 The light of thy pleas'd countenance
 is what we most desire.

4 Lord, thou hast fill'd our hearts with joys
 substantial and divine;
 Superior far to theirs, whose stores
 abound with corn and wine.

5 Down will we lie in peace, and sleep
 shall close our wearied eyes:
 No fears disturb us, whilst we know
 in God our safety lies.

P S A L M V. *Common Measure.*

LORD, hear us from thy blest'd abode,
 our meditations weigh;
 Attend our cries, our King, our God,
 when we devoutly pray.

3 To thee we raise our morning cries,
 to thee our pray'rs direct;

And with our longing hearts and eyes
thy kind returns expect.

4 Lord, thy pure nature never can
in wickedness delight:

Fools, that presumptuously transgress,
are banish'd from thy sight.

5 But to thy house will we draw near,
to taste thy mercies there;

We will frequent thine holy court,
and worship in thy fear.

6 And let all those who trust in thee,
and love thy sacred name,

Since they thy saving pow'r have seen,
with shouts their joy proclaim.

7 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
his blessing will extend:

And with his favour all his saints,
as with a shield, defend.

8 Therefore will we the righteous ways
of providence proclaim;

And sing the praise of God most high,
and celebrate his name.

P S A L M VIII. *Common Measure.*

O God, to whom all creatures bow,
within this earthly frame!

Thro' all the world how great art thou!
how glorious is thy name!

2 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
employs my wond'ring sight,

The

The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
with stars of feebler light,

3 What's man, say I, that thus thou lov'st
to keep him in thy mind!

Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
to him so wond'rous kind!

4 Him next in power thou didst create
to thy celestial train;

Ordain'd with dignity and state,
o'er all thy works to reign.

5 O God, to whom all creatures bow,
within this earthly frame;

Thro' all the world how great art thou!
how glorious is thy name!

P S A L M IX. *Common Measure.*

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
we will our hearts prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
thy wond'rous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to our souls
exalted pleasure bring;

Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,
triumphant praise we sing.

3 The Lord for ever lives; he has
his righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
to punish or reward.

4 God is a constant sure defence
against oppressing rage;

6 P S A L M XV.

As troubles rise, his needful aids
in our behalf engage.

5 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
will in his truth confide;

Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
that on his help rely'd.

6 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
from Sion, his abode;

Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
confess no other God.

P S A L M XV. *Common Measure.*

- **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
to thy blest courts repair;
Not, stranger like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there.

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
by rules of virtue moves;

Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
the thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
his neighbour's fame to wound;

Nor hearken to a false report,
by malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
can treat with just neglect;

And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
religiously respect.

5 Who, to his plighted vows and trust,
has ever firmly stood;

And

And tho' he promise to his loss,
he makes his promise good.

6 Who hates exaction, and rejects
bribes to betray the just:

This man shall ne'er be mov'd, but may
in God securely trust.

P S A L M XV. *Long Measure.*

WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?

The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt;
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;

And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope, or wish from them.

P S A L M XVI. *Common Measure.*

GOD is our portion, all our good
from his rich mercy flows;
And his good providence secures
The blessings he bestows.

- 2 We envy not the great man's state,
nor pine to see his store;
With what we have, we're pleas'd much,
with what we hope for, more.
- 3 We'll blefs the Lord, ev'n when he makes
troubles our exercise;
Those sad and solitary thoughts
instruct and make us wise.
- 4 When God is present to our mind,
our fears are overblown;
When he stands by us with his aid,
no pow'r shall cast us down.
- 5 Our spirits, Lord, thou wilt not leave
where souls departed are;
Nor leave our bodies in the grave,
to lie for ever there.
- 6 The path of life they both shall find;
and in thy presence taste
Pleasures to full perfection grown,
and joys that ever last.

P S A L M XVII. *Long Measure.*

LORD, we are thine : but thou wilt prove
Our faith, our patience, and our love ;
When men of spite against us join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
And leave their wealth among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, we resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that we are thine :
We shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand, complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which we go,
Hath joys substantial, and sincere.
When shall we wake, and find us there ?

5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
We shall be near, and like our God !
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 Our flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chain with sweet surprise,
And in our Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XIX. *Long Measure.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What tho' in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho', nor real voice, nor sound
Amidst the radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoyce,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

P S A L M XIX. *Long Measure.*

THE heav'ns, by God stretch'd forth on
his glorious majesty express; [high,
The firmament and starry sky,
God's handy work, his pow'r express.

2 The order and successive course
of still returning night and day,

This

- This sacred truth does more enforce,
and the Almighty's fame display.
- 3 Is there a tongue or nation found,
tho' rude of life and flow of sense,
To which these works do not expound.
their maker's vast omnipotence?
- 4 This in their lines is plainly read,
which shine on nature's visage bright;
Here does the sun illustrious spread
Jehovah's praises with his light.
- 5 But what his works can't fully reach,
the law of God reveal'd supplies;
This will the soul convert and teach,
and make the willing learner wise.
- 6 The statutes of the Lord are right,
and fill the heart with joy and love;
His judgment's pure, and with their light
they still th' attentive mind improve.
- 7 The fear of God is most refin'd,
clean, and from hurtful mixtures free;
His precepts will for ever bind,
nor does he falsehood e'er decree.
- 8 By them admonish'd, we avoid
the snares that compass us around;
The mind, in keeping them employ'd,
with great rewards is surely crown'd.
- 9 Lord, all thy laws are pure and good;
but we our faults and follies own;
Who has his errors understood?
O cleanse us from our sins unknown!

10 As we for past forgiveness crave,
 let grace from future guilt restrain;
 From heinous sins thy servants save,
 and let them not dominion gain.

11 Let pious thoughts possess our mind,
 and let our words with truth accord,
 They'll then with thee acceptance find,
 our God, our strength, our Saviour Lord.

P S A L M XIX. *Common Measure.*

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 which that alone can fill;
 The firmament and stars express
 their great creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day,
 fresh beams of knowledge brings;
 And from the dark returns of night
 divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
 or region is confin'd,
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 by all of human kind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 thro' earth's extent display;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 does round the world convey.

5 God's law is perfect, and converts
 the soul in sin that lies:
 God's testimony is most sure,
 and makes the simple wise.

- 6 The statutes of the Lord are right,
and do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
light to the eyes impart.
- 7 Unspotted is the fear of God,
and doth endure for ever;
The judgments of the Lord are true,
and righteous altogether.
- 8 Our trusty counsellors they are,
and friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
who by thy precepts live.
- 9 But what frail man observes how oft
he doth from virtue fall?
O cleanse us from our sacred faults,
thou God, who know'st them all.
- 10 The words which from our mouths pro-
the thoughts sent from our heart, [ceed,
Accept, O Lord, for thou our strength
and our Redeemer art.

P S A L M XX. *Long Measure.*

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when *Sion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of *Israel's* God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXII. *Common Measure.*

THE praise we owe to thee, O Lord,
shall in thy church be paid;
Before thy saints those vows perform'd,
that in distress we made.

2 The longing of the poor and meek
thy goodness will supply;
Their hearts, that seek the Lord, shall be
fill'd with immortal joy.

3 Then shall the glad converted world
to God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
one sovereign Lord obey.

- 4 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign :
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
who does the world sustain.
- 5 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
his bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bless.
- 6 With humble worship to his throne
they all for aid resort :
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
can only them support.
- 7 A chosen seed shall to their race
his righteousness declare ;
All own this work of God's, and tell
how great his mercies are.

P S A L M XXIII. *Long Measure.*

GOD is my shepherd, who will see
That all my wants be well supply'd ;
I shall not be expos'd to wrongs,
Nor left to stray without a guide.

2 The pastures are both fresh and green,
Where I have ease and sweet repast ;
The streams are cool and quiet, where
I quench my thirst, and please my taste.

3 His comforts, which revive my soul,
Life's tedious journey pleasant make ;
And in the peaceful ways of grace
He leads me, for his goodness sake.

4 Tho'

4 Tho' I should walk where black despair
And sorrow cast a dismal shade;
Thy power and thy tender care
Would chase my fears, and make me glad.

5 Surely the goodness of the Lord
Shall still surround me all my days;
I will frequent thy house, and there
Display thy love, and sing thy praise.

P S A L M XXIII. *Common Measure.*

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
he makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

4 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

P S A L M XXIII. *Oxford Tune.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His

His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and flow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly hand ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIV. *Common Meaſure.*

THE ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her fulneſs is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign right are his.

2 But, for himſelf, the Lord of all
a choſen ſeat deſign'd;

O who

O who shall to that sacred hill
desir'd admittance find?

3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
to gainful perjury.

4 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
shall show'r his blessings down,
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
with righteousness to crown.

5 Such is the race of saints, by whom
thy sacred courts are trod;
Such are all those who truly seek
the face of *Jacob's* God.

P S A L M XXV. *Short Metre.*

WE lift our souls to thee,
our God and guide most just:
O suffer us to take no shame,
for in thee do we trust.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind:
And graciously continue still,
as thou wert ever, kind.

3 Let them be all asham'd
who wilfully transgress;
Shew me thy ways, Lord, teach thou me
thy paths of righteousness.

4 God, who is good and just,
will erring souls instruct;

Their

Their wand'ring steps in the safe paths
of virtue will conduct.

5 Those he in judgment guides
who his direction seek ;
And, in his sacred paths, will lead
the humble and the meek.

6 Through all the ways of God,
both truth and mercy shine ;
To such as, with religious hearts,
to his blest will incline.

P S A L M XXVI. *Common Measure.*

OUR inmost thoughts we offer, Lord,
to thine impartial eye ;

O try our hearts, lest any sin
should there concealed lie.

2 The contemplation of thy love
gives us the best delight ;

This both engages and excites
our care to walk aright.

3 Our thoughts and acts we will preserve
free from impurity ;

And then th' oblations we present
shall acceptable be.

4 Then we aloud, with chearful voice,
thy goodness will proclaim ;

And tell of all thy wond'rous works,
to magnify thy name.

20 P S A L M XXVII. XXXIII.

P S A L M XXVII. *Common Measure.*

GOD is our saving health and light;
why should we be dismay'd?
Since of our lives he is the strength,
of whom are we afraid?

2 Against us should an host encamp,
we fearless would abide:
Should raging war against us rise,
we would in thee confide.

3 One thing we have desir'd of God,
which we will seek for still;
That we may have a blest abode
upon thy sacred hill.

4 Our fainting souls would soon have sunk,
with sorrow compass'd round,
But that we firmly hop'd our lives
would with thy love be crown'd.

5 Wait on the Lord with patient faith:
he will inspire thy breast,
With inward strength; do thou thy part,
and leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXXIII. *Common Measure.*

REJOYCE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
and praise him with delight;
For thankfulness becomes the lips
of those who are upright.

2 For faithful is the word of God,
his works with truth abound;

He

He justice loves, and all the earth
is with his goodness crown'd.

3 By his almighty word at first,
the heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
at his command appear'd.

4 Let all the tribes of human race
the Lord their Maker fear,
Let all that dwell on earth's wide face
this awful Lord revere.

5 For he but spake, and it was done;
he gave the great command;
This spacious world began to be,
and doth unshaken stand.

6 He scorns the angry nations rage,
and breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
and in full glory shines.

P A R T II.

7 Blest nation which can in the Lord,
as in their God, rejoyce!
To whom he makes his glories known,
who hear his heav'nly voice.

8 He all the nations of the earth
from heav'n his throne survey'd;
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts,
by him their hearts were made.

9 No king is safe by mighty hosts,
Their strength the strong deceives;

No

No manag'd horse by force or speed
his warlike rider saves.

10 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
in time of dearth supplies.

11 Our souls on God with patience wait,
our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoyce,
because we trust in thee.

12 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
on thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIII.

As the 113th Psalm.

YE holy souls, in God rejoyce,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heav'nly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
 Those watry treasures know their place,
 In the vast storehouse of the deep.
 He spoke, and gave all nature birth;
 And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless pow'r,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage;
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

P S A L M XXXIV. *Common Measure.*

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 in trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 my heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
 the dwellings of the just;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 who in his succour trust.

3 O make but trial of his love;
 experience will decide
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 your wants shall be his care.

5 While

5 While hungry lions lack their prey,
the Lord will food provide,
For such as put their trust in him,
and see their wants supply'd.

P A R T II.

- 6 Approach ye piously dispos'd,
and my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
of his religious fear.
- 7 Let him, who length of life desires,
and prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'rous language keep his tongue,
his lips from falsehood free.
- 8 The crooked paths of vice decline,
and virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis lost, renew.
- 9 The Lord, from heav'n, beholds the just,
with favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
is open to their cries:
- 10 But turns his wrathful look on those
whom mercy can't reclaim;
To cut them off, and from the earth
blot out their hated name.
- 11 The wicked, from their wicked arts,
their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.

12 For God preserves the souls of those
 who on his truth depend;
 To them and their posterity,
 his blessings shall descend.

P S A L M XXXVI. *Common Measure.*

THY mercy, Lord, is in the heaven,
 thy truth doth reach the clouds:
 Thy justice is like mountains great;
 thy judgments deep as floods.

2 Lord, thou preservest man and beast:
 how precious is thy grace!

Therefore, in shadow of thy wings
 men's sons their trust shall place.

3 They with the riches of thy house
 shall be well satisfy'd;

From rivers of thy pleasures thou
 wilt drink for them provide.

4 Because of life th' eternal spring
 remains alone with thee:

And in that purest light of thine,
 we clearly light shall see.

5 Thy loving kindness unto them
 continue, that thee know;

And still on men upright in heart
 thy righteousness bestow.

P S A L M XXXVI. *Long Measure.*

O Lord, thy mercy, our sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orb ascends;

C

Thy

Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltring wings their refuge make;
And saints to thy protection trust?

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

P S A L M XXXVII.

LET none be troubled, to behold
the wicked's prosp'rous state;
Nor by their good success grow bold
their crimes to imitate.

2 Soon is the grass cut down and dies,
and beauteous flow'rs decay!
More swift the sinner's glory flies,
and sooner fades than they.

3 He's wise, that's doing good, and on
God's goodness doth rely;

Thus

Thus thy enjoyments he'll secure,
thy just desires supply.

4 Leave thy concerns to him, in firm
dependence on him live ;

He'll either grant what thou would'st have,
or what is better give.

5 The Lord, who guides a good man's steps,
delighteth in his way ;

He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r shall be his stay.

6 God, who is good and just, will those,
who him resemble, own ;

They shall continue when the race
of bad men is o'erthrown.

P A R T II.

7 Mark thou the perfect man, and him
who's upright in his ways ;

Mercy attends his happy life,
and peace concludes his days.

8 But God's just wrath pursues all those
who wilfully offend ;

Wickedness is the way they chose,
destruction is their end.

9 But the salvation of the just
is from the Lord above,

He, in the time of their distress,
their sure support will prove.

10 The righteous God to righteous men
will timely succour send ;

28 P S A L M XXXIX. XLI.

He'll from the wicked set them free,
since they on him depend.

P S A L M XXXIX. *Common Measure.*

LORD, let us know our term of days,
how soon our lives will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
which this frail state attend.

2 Our lives, thou know'st, is but a span;
a cypher sums our years;
And ev'ry man in best estate
but vanity appears.

3 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
with fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should we on worthless toys
with anxious cares attend?
On thee alone, our stedfast hope,
shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 O spare us yet a little time,
our wasted strength restore,
Before we go from hence by death,
and shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XLI. *Long Measure.*

BLEST is the man whose tender sense
Is touched with another's grief;
Who when he hears the poor man's cry,
Affords him pity and relief.

2 God will his charity repay;
In time of need will be his friend;
When troubles to his lot shall fall,
He'll make them have an happy end.

3 Threaten'd by danger or disease,
His life he'll rescue from the grave;
Prosper his state on earth, and from
His foes and all their malice save.

4 He'll strengthen him upon his bed
Of languishing infirmity,
Grant him his comforts whilst he's sick,
Or make him happy if he die.

5 Blest be that majesty above,
Whom all true worshipers adore;
Let ev'ry age consent, and say,
Amen, till time shall be no more.

P S A L M XLVI. *Common Measure*

GOD is our hope, our strength, our aid,
when troublous times are near:
Tho' mightiest dangers should invade,
we will not yield to fear.

2 Tho' seas should rage, th'uprooted hills
were midst the ocean cast,
All nations fill'd with wild uproar,
and the fix'd earth displac'd.

3 God, our kind guardian, with us dwells,
unmov'd we shall remain;
He'll still afford us timely aid,
and foes assault in vain.

- 4 Come see the wonders he hath wrought ;
 he gives the awful word,
 Wars rage, the wasted nations own
 the terrors of his sword.
- 5 He then commands, and strait the voice
 of ruinous wars doth cease ;
 He breaks the sword, the spear, the bow,
 and crowns the world with peace.
- 6 The Lord, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 with us doth still abide :
 Our strong defence is Jacob's God,
 in whom we safe confide.

P S A L M L. *Common Measure.*

- T**HE Lord, the judge, before his throne
 bids the whole earth draw nigh :
 The nations near the rising sun,
 and near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 " judgment will ne'er begin ;"
 No more abuse his long delay,
 to impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our Lord shall come,
 bright flames prepare his way ;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
 attending angels come ;
 And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
 his justice and their doom.

- 5 But come, ye friends of righteousness,
 (proclaims our blessed Lord)
 And rise with triumph to possess
 the kingdom love prepar'd.
- 6 Your faith and works brought forth to light,
 shall make the world confess,
 My sentence of reward is right,
 and heav'n adore my grace.

P A R T II.

- 7 Thus faith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
 " and flocks and herds are mine :
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills
 " I claim a right divine.
- 8 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 " nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
 " To hope, and love, to pray and praise,
 " is all that I require.
- 9 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
 " my hand shall set thee free ;
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " the honour due to me.
- 10 " The man who offers humble praise,
 " he glorifies me best ;
 " And those who tread my holy ways
 " shall my salvation taste."

P A R T III. *Long Measure.*

- 11 The Lord, the judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,

Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

12 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

13 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

14 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty souls shall fear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M LI. *Long Measure.*

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
Uphold me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;

The

The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

P S A L M LVII. *Long Measure.*

OUR God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide us beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'n we send our cry;
The Lord will our desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves us from the threat'ning storm.

3 Our hearts are fix'd; our songs shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake our tongues, to sound his praise,
Our tongues, the glory of our frame.

4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;

Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LXII. *Short Measure.*

OUR souls do wait on God,
our rock and our defence,
We shall not greatly then be mov'd,
for safety comes from thence.

2 Ye people trust in him,
what time ye are afraid ;
He'll be your refuge in distress,
when ye implore his aid.

3 Wealth makes not happy men,
and trust in it is vain ;
Then seek not by oppressive arts,
or fraud, t' increase your gain.

4 If riches should abound,
by heav'ns blessing sent :
Take heed they do not gain your hearts,
or make you insolent.

5 That all may know from whence
their help they should derive ;
Thou, Lord, hast oft declar'd that pow'r
is thy prerogative.

6 And that incessant streams
of mercy flow from thee ;
So that according to men's works
their due reward shall be.

P S A L M LXII. *Common Measure.*

MY soul, wait thou with patience,
 upon thy God alone.
 On him dependeth all my hope
 and expectation.

2 He only my salvation is,
 and my strong rock is he;
 He only is my sure defence;
 I shall not moved be.

3 In God, my glory placed is,
 and my salvation sure:
 In God the rock is of my strength
 my refuge most secure.

4 Ye people place your confidence
 in him continually;
 Before him pour ye out your hearts;
 God is our refuge high.

P S A L M LXIII. *Short Measure.*

WITHIN thy house, O Lord,
 I long to find a place,
 Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
 and feel thy quick'ning grace.

2 For life without thy love
 no relish can afford:
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 to serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours at night,
 I call my God to mind;

I think

36 P S A L M LXIII. LXV.

I think how wise thy counsels are,
and all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
to thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
my chearful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
my soul in safety keeps:

I follow where my father leads,
and he supports my steps.

P S A L M LXIII. *Common Measure.*

SINCE better is thy love than life,
Our lips thee praise shall give;
We, in thy name, will lift our hands,
and bless thee while we live.

2 When we do thee upon our beds
remember with delight,
And when on thee we meditate
in watches of the night:

3 In shadow of thy wings we'll joy,
for thou our help hast been:
Our souls cleave fast to thee; and us
thy right hand doth sustain.

P S A L M LXV. *Common Measure.*

PRAISE waits for thee in Sion, Lord,
to thee vows paid shall be:
O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
all flesh shall come to thee.

- 2 Lord our iniquities prevail;
but pard'ning grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill,
to conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest is the man whom thou dost chuse,
and mak'st approach to thee:
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
may still a dweller be.
- 4 By wonders wrought in our defence,
thou dost thy power display,
O God, who art the confidence
of the whole earth and sea.
- 5 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
and tempests cease to roar.
- 6 Thy morning light, and ev'ning shade,
successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 7 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
pour out, at thy command,
Their watry blessings from the sky,
to cheer the thirsty land.
- 8 So thou the year most liberally
dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
on us drop plenty down.
- 9 With flocks the pastures cloathed are,
the vales with corn are clad;

And

And now they shout and sing to thee,
for thou hast made them glad.

P S A L M LXVI. *Common Measure.*

ALL lands to God in joyful sounds
aloft your voices raife:
Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praise.

2 Say unto him, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy works art thou?

Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee
shall be constrain'd to bow.

3 Through all the earth, the nations round
shall thee their God confefs:

And with glad hymns, their holy dread
of thy great name exprefs.

4 Come, and the works which God hath
with admiration view: [wrought

His dealings tow'r'ds the sons of men
his awful glory shew.

5 He, by his pow'r, for ever rules;
his eyes the world survey;

Let not presumptuous men rebel
againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

6 O all ye nations bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his praise;

Our ſouls in life who ſafe upholds,
our feet from ſliding ſtays.

7 Now let the Lord's moſt glorious name
for ever praised be,

Who

Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

P S A L M LXVII. *Common Measure.*

LORD, unto us be merciful,
do thou us also bless;
And graciously cause shine on us
the brightness of thy face.

2 That so thy ways upon the earth
to all men may be known;

Also among the nations all
thy saving health be shown.

3 O let the people praise thee, Lord,
let people all thee praise:

O let the nations all be glad,
and sing for joy always.

4 For rightly thou shalt people judge,
and nations rule on earth;

Let people praise thee, Lord, let all
the world praise thee with mirth.

5 Then shall the earth yield her increase,
God, our God bless us shall.

God shall us bless, and of the earth
the ends shall fear him all.

P S A L M LXVII. *Short Measure.*

SHEW mercy to us, Lord,
bless us with gifts divine;

O let the glories of thy face,
on us thy servants shine.

- 2 May thy good ways be known,
thy fear on earth abound;
And thy salvation over all
the heathen world resound.
- 3 The nations now may sing
their joys, since God does reign;
He rules with wisdom, this great judge
will righteousness maintain.
- 4 Let all in psalms of praise
their grateful thoughts express;
Let all the people round the world
thy glorious name confess.
- 5 Then shall th' enriched earth
with plenty overflow;
And God, with all his other gifts,
his blessing will bestow.
- 6 His blessings show'r'd on us
our happy days shall crown:
His power and goodness all the world
with humble fear shall own.

P S A L M LXXI. *Common Measure.*

- I**N thee we put our stedfast trust,
defend us, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save our souls,
for righteous is thy name.
- 2 Thy constant care did safely guard
our tender infant days,
'Till now, even from our mother's womb;
we'll sing thy constant praise.

- 3 Each day we gladly shall employ,
to shew thy righteousness:
All day thy saving joys display,
for they are numberless.
- 4 Assisted by thy strength, O God,
we will go safely on:
Thy righteousness we'll spread abroad,
thy righteousness alone.
- 5 For from our tender infancy,
O God thou hast us taught:
And we shall tell continually
what wonders thou hast wrought.
- 6 When hoary age comes creeping on,
and nature's pow'rs decline,
O do not then thy servants leave,
but own us still for thine.

P S A L M LXXII. *Long Measure.*

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

P S A L M LXXIII. *Common Measure.*

O Lord, thou art our strong support,
our help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held us up,
when sinking in despair.

2 Thou with thy counsel while we live
wilt us conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterwards
receive us to abide.

3 Whom have we in the heavens high,
but thee O Lord alone?
And in the earth, whom we desire
besides thee, there is none.

- 4 Our flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
but God doth fail us never:
For of our hearts God is the strength,
and portion sure for ever.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove
far from thy presence, die:
Those that presumptuous slight thy love,
thy justice shall destroy.
- 6 But surely it is good for us,
that we draw near to God:
In God we trust, that all thy works
we may declare abroad.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Common Measure.*

- O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou enthron'd, in glory, shew'st
the brightness of thy face!
- 2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
which to thy dwelling lead.
- 3 They shall proceed from strength to
and still approach more near; [strength,
Till all on *Sion's* holy mount,
before their God appear.
- 4 For God, who is our sun and shield,
will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold
from them who justly live.

5 Thou

44 P S A L M LXXXIV.

5 O God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
how highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
are still repos'd on thee!

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Long Measure.*

BLEST are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

2 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

3 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And joyn in nobler worship there.

4 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.

6 O God, our king, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee!

P S A L M

P S A L M LXXXIV. *As the 148 Psalm.*

O Happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!

O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise thee still.

Blessed are they,

Who love the way

To *Sion's* hill.

2 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each of them at length
Perfect in heaven appears;

O glorious feat!

Where God our king

Shall thither bring

Our willing feet.

3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:

Where God resorts

I love it more

To keep the door

Than shine in courts.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence;

He

He will bestow
On his own race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

P S A L M LXXXVI. *Common Measure.*

LORD there is none among the Gods
that may with thee compare;
And, like the works which thou hast done
not any work is there.

2 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come
and worship rev'rently,
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
thy name shall glorify.

3 Because thou art exceeding great,
and works by thee are done,
Which are to be admir'd; and thou
art God thyself alone.

4 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
may fear continually.

4 O Lord

5 O Lord, my God, with all my heart,
to thee I will give praise;
And I the glory will ascribe
unto thy name always.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *Common Measure.*

TH' eternal mercies of the Lord
our song shall still express;
Our mouths shall constantly record
his truth and faithfulness.

2 We know thy mercy, still unchang'd,
from age to age shall last;
Thy truth, which heav'n itself sustains,
like heav'n stands ever fast.

3 Both heav'n and earth thy wond'rous love
and faithfulness shall show;
'Tis by thine angels sung above,
and by thy saints below.

4 For who in heaven with the Lord
may once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
of those that mighty are?

5 Great fear in meeting of the saints
is due unto the Lord;
And he, of all about him, should
with rev'rence be ador'd.

6 O thou, that art the Lord of hosts,
what Lord in mightiness
Is like to thee? who compass round
art with thy faithfulness.

P A R T.

P A R T II.

- 7 The heavens and the earth are thine,
the world so richly stor'd,
With all the fulness found therein,
thou foundedst them, O Lord.
- 8 O God, thou hast a mighty arm
of sovereign command;
Strong is thy hand, thy pow'r is firm;
what force can thine withstand?
- 9 Justice and judgment on thy throne
maintain their dwelling place;
And truth and mercy, joyn'd in one,
shall go before thy face.
- 10 Blest is the people that doth know
and hear the joyful sound;
Thy beams shall light them as they go,
and shine about them round.
- 11 They, in thy name; shall all the day
rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
be lifted up on high.
- 12 Thou art their strength; their glory, Lord,
does from thy favour spring;
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
and *Israel's* God our king.

P S A L M XC. *Common Measure.*

E'RE earth was form'd, or hills were seen,
 or heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
 From everlasting thou hast been,
 and art for ever God.

2 A thousand ages in thy sight
 are like an ev'ning gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 before the rising sun.

3 But, Lord, how short a life is ours!
 how languid is its flame!
 How feeble all our boasted pow'rs!
 how frail our mortal frame!

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 dies at the op'ning day.

5 Like flow'rs which verdant meadows crown,
 man in the morning blooms;
 But withers, dies, and is cut down
 before the ev'ning comes.

6 So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
 and know how fast they fly;
 That we, to learn true wisdom's ways,
 may all our minds apply.

7 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 thy saints have dwelt secure:
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 and our defence is sure.

D

8 Our

8 Our God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
 and our eternal home.

P S A L M XCI. *Long Measure.*

HE that hath made his refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure abode;
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then may he say, " My God, thy pow'r
 " Shall be my fortress and my tow'r :
 " I that am form'd of feeble dust,
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire ;
 God is their life, his wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful shade.

4 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
 Ten thousand at thy right hand dy'd :
 Thy God his chosen people saves,
 Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

5 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
 Receive commission from the Lord,
 To strike his saints among the rest,
 Their very pains and death are blest.

6 The sword, or pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
 From sins and sorrows set them free,
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCII. *Long Measure.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing!
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night!

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oyl, to chear my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCIII. *Common Measure.*

THE Lord doth reign, and cloath'd is he
with majesty most bright:
His works do shew him cloath'd to be,
and girt about with might.

2 The world is also 'stablished,
that it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
from everlasting art.

3 Thy testimonies every one,
in faithfulness excell;

52 P S A L M XCV. XCVI.

And holiness for ever, Lord,
thine house becometh well.

P S A L M XCV. *Common Measure.*

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
come, let us, every one,
A joyful noise make to the rock
of our salvation.

2 Let us before his presence come,
with praise and thankful voice:
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
and make a joyful noise.

3 For God, a great God, and great king,
above all gods he is:

Depths of the earth are in his hand,
the strength of hills is his.

4 To him the spacious sea belongs,
for he the same did make;

The dry-land also from his hand
its form at first did take.

5 O come, and let us worship him,
let us bow down withal,

And on our knees, before the Lord
our maker, let us fall.

P S A L M XCVI. *Common Measure.*

O Sing a new song to the Lord,
sing all the earth, to God:
To God sing, bless his name, shew still
his saving health abroad.

2 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
is to be magnify'd;

Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
above all gods beside.

3 For all the gods are idols dumb,
which blinded nations fear :

But our God is the Lord, by whom
the heav'ns created were.

5 In beauty of his holiness,
this sovereign Lord adore;

Let all the earth his name confess,
and dread his glorious pow'r.

4 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
and let the earth rejoyce,

Let seas, and all that are therein,
cry out and make a noise.

6 Let fields rejoyce, and ev'ry thing
that springeth of the earth :

Then woods, and ev'ry tree shall sing
with gladness and with mirth.

7 Before the Lord, because he comes,
to judge the earth comes he :

He'll judge the world with righteousness,
the people faithfully.

P S A L M XCVII. *Common Measure.*

GOD reigneth, let the earth be glad,
and isles rejoyce each one;

Dark clouds him compass, but in right
with judgment dwells his throne.

- 2 Hate ill all ye who love the Lord :
 his saints souls keepeth he ;
 And, from the hands of wicked men,
 he sets them safe and free.
- 3 For all those that be righteous
 sown is a joyful light ;
 And gladness sown is for all those
 that are in heart upright.
- 4 Ye righteous in the Lord rejoyce ;
 express your thankfulness,
 When ye into his presence come ;
 and praise his holiness.

P S A L M XCVII. *Long Measure.*

- L**ET th' earth rejoyce, since God does reign ;
 For though thick darkness doth surround
 And cloud his ways of providence,
 Yet perfect goodness is their ground.
- 2 All ye who love and serve the Lord,
 Strictly preserve your innocence ;
 Then, tho' the wicked seek your fall,
 God will provide for your defence.
- 3 Th' immortal seeds of light and bliss
 For truly pious men are sown ;
 A joyful harvest will, at length,
 Their labours and their sorrows crown.
- 4 Then let your chearful temper show
 The God you serve is good and kind ;
 Praise him for all his mercies past,
 And wait with joy for those behind.

P S A L M C. *Long Measure.*

LET all the nations of the earth
To God their chearful voices raise;
With gladness worship him, and come
Before his face with songs of praise.

2 Know that our Lord is God alone,
Who did to all their beings give;
We are the people of his care,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

3 Enter his gates with thankful hearts,
His praises in his courts proclaim;
And let his pow'rful love excite
Each soul to bless his sacred name.

4 For God is infinitely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

P S A L M CII. *Long Measure.*

'TWAS God this earth's foundations laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, the heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

2 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

3 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;

This dying world they shall survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. *Long Measure*

BLESS thou the Lord, my soul, his name
Let all the pow'rs within me bless:
O let not his past favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness.

2 'Tis he that pardons all thy sins;
He that, in sickness, makes thee sound:
'Tis he redeemed from the grave
Thy life, with love and mercy crown'd.

3 Abundant mercies flow from God,
Love is his nature and delight:
Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to destroy us quite.

4 His anger, in its rise and stay,
From rules of justice never swerves;
And when he punishes our faults,
The measure's less than sin deserves.

5 As heav'n is high above the earth,
So his rewards transcend our love:
Farther than east is from the west
His pardon doth our sins remove.

P A R T II.

6 A father's pity to his child
Resembles God's, tho' shorter far;
For he considers our weak frame,
That only quick'ned dust we are.

7 Man's days, are like the grafs, or flow'r
That in the field its beauty shows;
But fades with ev'ry blasting wind,
And then its former place none knows.

8 But God's eternal truth and love
Secure good men; and of their race,
Such as his laws and cov'nant keep,
His favour ever shall embrace.

9 Circled with glorious light, his throne
The Lord has plac'd in heav'n above;
Whose mighty pow'r and sov'reign rule
Extend o'er all that live and move.

10 Praise him, ye angels, whose great might
Does in complete obedience shine!
O praise him all ye sons of light:
Blest ministers of love divine!

11 All ye his works, that subject are
In ev'ry place to his controul,
Bless ye your maker; and with them,
Join in his praises, O my soul!

P S A L M CIII. *Common Measure.*

O Thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
and all that in me is
Be stirred up, his holy name
to magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord, thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
he hath bestow'd on thee.

- 3 All thine iniquities who doth
most graciously forgive ;
Who thy diseases all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.
- 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'st not go down ;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
and tender mercies crown.
- 5 The Lord, our God, is merciful,
and he is gracious ;
Long-suffering and slow to wrath,
in mercy plenteous.
- 6 He will not chide continually,
nor keep his anger still ;
With us he dealt not as we sinn'd,
nor did requite our ill.
- 7 For as the heaven in its height
the earth surmounteth far,
So great to those, who do him fear,
his tender mercies are.
- 8 As far as east is distant from
the west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
all our iniquity.

P A R T II.

- 9 Such pity as a father hath
unto his children dear,
Like pity shews the Lord to such
as worship him in fear.

10 For he remembers we are dust,
and he our frame well knows:
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
as flow'r in field he grows.

11 But unto them that do him fear,
God's mercy never ends;
And to their childrens children still
his righteousness extends.

12 The Lord prepared hath his throne
in heavens firm to stand;
And every thing, that being hath,
his kingdom doth command.

13 O ye his angels, that excel
in strength, bless ye the Lord:
Ye who obey what he commands,
and hearken to his word.

14 O bless, and magnify the Lord,
ye glorious hosts of his,
Ye ministers that do fulfil
whate'ere his pleasure is.

15 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
wherewith the world is stor'd,
In his dominions ev'ry where!
My soul, bless thou the Lord!

P S A L M CIV. *Common Measure.*

HOW manifold, Lord, are thy works!
in wisdom wonderful,
Thou, ev'ry one of them hast made;
earth's of thy riches full.

2 The

- 2 The glory of the mighty Lord
continue shall for ever;
The Lord *Jehovah* shall rejoyce
in all his works together.
- 3 We will sing to the Lord most high,
so long as we shall live;
And while we being have, we shall
to our God praises give.
- 4 Of him our meditation shall
sweet thoughts to us afford;
And as for us, we will rejoyce
in God, our only Lord.

P S A L M CIV. *Common Measure.*

- G**REAT God! how various are thy works,
all made with wond'rous skill!
Thy blessings, Lord, enrich the earth;
and seas large bosom fill.
- 2 If God but in displeasure frown,
all creatures needs must mourn;
If he withholds their breath they die,
and to their dust they turn.
- 3 They all, blest God, on thee depend,
to thee they look for food:
They gather what thy hand bestows,
and all are fill'd with good.
- 4 Thy quick'ning spirit, when it breaths,
all things with life endues;
Thy pow'rful word, that made the earth,
its face again renews.

5 Unto the Lord will I sing praise,
 while I have life and breath :
 I'll glorify him all my days,
 and honour him till death.

P S A L M CV. *Common Measure.*

O Let us all give thanks to God,
 and call upon his name ;
 His gracious and his mighty works
 to all the world proclaim.

2 Let us in songs and sacred hymns
 our great creator blefs ;
 And what his pow'rful hand hath wrought,
 our joyful tongues exprefs.

3 Give to the Lord's most holy name,
 the praise that is his due ;
 And your unfeigned inward joys,
 by chearful voices shew.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving pow'r
 devoutly still implore ;
 His grace with earnest zeal desire ;
 seek it for evermore.

5 O let the works which he hath done
 your admiration move ;
 Think on the judgments of his mouth,
 and wonders of his love.

P S A L M CVI. *Common Measure.*

GIVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,
 for bountiful is he ;

His

His tender mercy doth endure
unto eternity.

2 God's mighty works who can express ;
or shew forth all his praise ?
Blessed are they who judgment keep,
and justly do always.

3 Remember us, Lord, with that love
which thou to thine dost bear ;
With thy salvation, O our God,
to visit us draw near.

4 That we thy chosen's good may see,
and in their joy rejoyce ;
And may with thine inheritance
triumph with chearful voice.

P S A L M CXI. *Common Measure.*

GREAT is the Lord, his works of might
demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
their harmony of tongues.

2 How great the works his hands has wrought !
how glorious in our sight !
And men, in ev'ry age, have fought
his wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame !
how wise th' eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
which his first thoughts design'd.

4 Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
he gives his children food ;

And,

And, ever mindful of his word,
he makes his promise good.

5 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
to seal his cov'nant sure:

Holy and rev'rend is his name,
his ways are just and pure.

6 From fear divine true wisdom flows:
and he who God obeys,

Sound knowledge and good judgment shows;
The Lord for ever praise.

P S A L M CXII. *Long Measure.*

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks with pleasure in his ways;
Who still reveres his holy word,
And gladly his command obeys.

2 A generous pity warms his heart,
His kindness widely he extends;
The poor in all his wealth have part;
To some he gives, to others lends.

3 Nor is that lost which he bestows,
With lib'ral heart to feed the poor;
His hand a future harvest sows,
And scatters to augment his store.

4 When times with dismal face appear,
With frightful clouds and gloom o'erspread,
His heart shall entertain no fear;
Above the gloom he'll lift his head.

5 His faith shall bear his courage up,
And God approve and crown his hope;

Can

64 P S A L M CXIII. CXV.

Can tidings ill that heart surprize,
Which, with firm trust, on God relies?
6 Some friendly beams of cheering light
Will thro' the darkness make their way:
And in afflictions darkeſt night,
Their greateſt luſtre ſaints diſplay.

P. S A L M. CXIII.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
Where e'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.
2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his hight:
Let no created greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.
3 Tho' 'tis beneath his hight to view,
In higheſt heav'n, what angels do;
Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care;
His ſov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

P S A L M CXV. *Common Meaſure.*

LORD, not to us, but to thy name
we give the praiſe we owe;

To

To thy free goodness, and thy truth,
whence all our blessings flow.

2 Why should the heathen say, where is
the God whom you adore?

In heaven he reigns, and does on earth
what he ordain'd before.

3 Fond men! with hands to make a god
to whom our knees should bow;
You trust what cannot help itself;
statues have sense like you.

4 All ye who serve the Lord, in him
repose your confidence:
In your distress he'll be your help,
in dangers your defence.

5 O happy to be blest by him
who made both earth and heav'n!
His throne's in heav'n, the earth to man
in kindness he hath giv'n.

6 The grave thy wonders cannot show,
nor celebrate thy praise;
We'll now adore thy sacred name,
and bless thee all our days.

P S A L M CXVI. *Common Measure.*

WHAT shall we render to our God
for all his kindness shown?

Our feet shall visit thine abode;
our songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thine house,
our off'rings shall be paid;

There

There shall our zeal perform the vows
our souls in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
thou ever blessed God!

How dear thy servants in thy sight!
how precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
thy grace to us, how great!

Our lives, which thou hast made thy care,
to thee we dedicate!

5 Now we are thine, for ever thine,
nor shall our purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd our bonds of pain,
and bound us with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, we leave our vow,
and thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear us now,
if we forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVI. *Long Measure.*

WHAT shall we render to the Lord,
For all the kindness he has shown?
We'll humbly offer him our praise,
And thankfully his favours own.

2 The solemn payment of our vows
We made to God, shall be our care;
Who sav'd us from approaching death,
And shew'd our lives to him were dear.

3 By all engagements, Lord, we're thine,
Thy servants, whom thou hast set free;

The

P S A L M CXVII. CXVIII. 67

The very bonds which thou hast loos'd
Shall tie us faster unto thee.

4 Thankful acknowledgments we make,
And God for all his favours bless :
We'll on his goodness wait, and pray
To him alone, in all distress.

P S A L M. CXVII. *Long Measure.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. *Common Measures.*

LET all the nations of the world
their great Creator praise ;
And all his scatter'd people joyn
his mighty name to raise.

2 Whose kindness towards us is great,
his mercies ever sure :
Then let our praises, like his truth,
for evermore endure.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Common Measure.*

WE all our happiness ascribe
to God, who made us strong ;
And

And his salvation still shall be
the subject of our song.

2 The joyful voice of triumph fills
the dwellings of the just ;
His pow'r does mighty things for them
who in his goodness trust.

3 While we have life, we'll praise his works,
ev'n to our latest breath :
Who, tho' he has chastis'd us sore,
has sav'd us still from death.

4 Lord, we will praise thy holy name ;
for when to thee we pray'd,
Thou heard'st our voice, and art become
our rock of saving aid.

P A R T II.

5 The stone which, by the builders, was
rejected with disgrace,
Is now become the corner stone,
and set in chiefeft place.

6 This is the work of our great God,
and wond'rous in our eyes ;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
to fill our hearts with joys.

7 Blest Saviour ! who, from God, to us
on this kind errand came,
We welcome thee ; and blefs all those
who spread thy glorious fame.

8 Most gracious God, our joyful tongues
shall ever sing thy praise ;

Thou

Thou art our God, and we on high
thy glorious name will raise.

9 For thou hast mercifully shin'd
on us, with light and grace;
And at thine altar we'll present
the sacrifice of praise.

10 O render thanks unto the Lord,
who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
be endless as his love.

P S A L M CXIX. *Common Measure.*

BLESSED are they who undefil'd,
and straight, are in the way;
Who, in the Lord's most holy law,
do walk, and do not stray.

2 Blessed are they, who to observe
his statutes are inclin'd;
And who do seek the living God
with their whole heart and mind.

3 They practise no iniquity,
but in God's ways they go;
We then must serve thee carefully;
for thou hast charg'd us so.

4 O that our ways were made direct,
and to thy statutes fram'd;
Which when we constantly respect,
we shall not be asham'd.

5 We'll praise thee with an upright heart,
when we have learn'd thy word;

Nor

Nor from thy statutes e'er depart:
forsake us not, O Lord.

P A R T II.

6 How shall the young preserve their ways
from all pollution free?

By making still their course of life
with thy commands agree.

7 With my whole heart to thee I seek,
for thine assistance pray:

O suffer not my careless steps
from thy commands to stray.

8 By rules of justice and of truth
my life I hope to frame,

And to thy statutes will adhere;
Lord, put me not to shame.

9 So in the way of thy commands
shall I with pleasure run;

And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
in thy blest'd paths go on.

P A R T III.

10 Instruct me, Lord, to apprehend
thy precepts perfect way;

And I shall keep it to the end,
even to my dying day.

11 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
let no corrupt design,

Nor covetous desires arise,
within this soul of mine.

- 12 So I to keep thy righteous laws
will all my study bend;
And will, with zeal, my future life
in their observance spend.
- 13 'Ere long I trust to walk at large
from all incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my ways
with thy commands agree.
- 14 My lips, with courage, shall declare
thy statutes, and thy name:
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
nor yield to sinful shame.
- 15 That peace of mind, which will my soul
in deep distress sustain,
By strict obedience to thy laws
I'll happily obtain.

P A R T IV.

- 16 My chosen portion thou, O Lord,
and sure possession art;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve
to treasure in my heart.
- 17 With all the strength of warm desire,
I will thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
thy mercy's boundless store.
- 18 My former wand'rings I'll review,
and then, without delay,
Resolve to change my course, and walk
in thy most righteous way.

- 19 To such as fear thy holy name,
myself I'll closely joyn,
To all who their obedient wills
to thy commands resign.
- 20 O Lord, thy mercies rich and free
the earth with blessings fill:
Grant me thy grace, that I may know,
and do thy sacred will.

P A R T V.

- 21 It hath been very good for me
that I afflicted was,
That I might well instructed be,
and learn thy holy laws.
- 22 'Ere I afflicted was I stray'd;
but now I keep thy word:
Both good thou art, and good thou dost:
teach me thy statutes, Lord.
- 23 That right thy judgments are, I now
by sure experience see;
And that, in truth and faithfulness,
thou hast afflicted me.
- 24 I pray thee, let thy mercies kind
come to thy servant, Lord,
For comfort to my troubled mind,
according to thy word.
- 25 In thy pure statutes let my heart
continue always sound;
That guilt, and shame, the sinners lot,
may never me confound.

P A R T VI.

- 26 For ever like the heav'ns, O Lord,
thy word is settled fast;
As firmly as the earth; thy truth
doth to all ages last.
- 27 These all in their appointed course
continue to this day;
And all, like ready servants, stand
thine orders to obey.
- 28 Had not thy truth been my support,
thy law been my delight,
I, under pressure of my woes,
had sunk, and perish'd quite.
- 29 Thy good commands I'll ne'er forget,
which have reviv'd me still;
O save me, who am thine, and seek
to know, and do thy will.
- 30 Perfections here have narrow bounds,
whose end we oft out-live;
But thy wise laws have large extent,
and lasting pleasures give.

P A R T VII.

- 31 My feet, with care, I will refrain
from ev'ry evil way;
That, to thy sacred word, I may
entire obedience pay.
- 32 I will not from thy judgments stray,
by vain desires misled;

E

For,

For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.

33 In these, thy sacred words of truth,
how sweet a taste I find!

Sweeter than honey to my mouth,
thy word is to my mind.

34 Thy servant, taught by thy just laws,
with heav'nly skill is blest;

Therefore, the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

35 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
and to my path a light;

I sworn have, and will perform,
to keep thy judgments right.

36 Thy statutes are the heritage
whereof I have made choice;

For they, when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoice.

37 I will incline my heart to keep
the laws thou didst decree;

And will obey them to the end,
ev'n till I come to thee.

P A R T VIII.

38 Thy nature, Lord, and thy commands
exactly do agree;

Holy, and just, and true thou art,
and such thy precepts be.

39 Thy laws I count, in all respects,
most righteous and divine;

They

They teach me to discern the right,
and all false ways decline.

40 The wonders which thy laws contain,
no words can represent ;

Therefore, to learn and practise them,
my zealous heart is bent.

41 The very entrance of thy word
celestial light displays ;

And knowledge of true happiness
to simple minds conveys.

42 Directed by thy heav'nly word,
let all my footsteps be ;

That no indulged sin may have
dominion over me.

43 O make thy gracious countenance
on me, thy servant, shine :

Thy statutes both to know and keep,
my heart with zeal incline.

P A R T IX.

44 Thy laws are ever true and just ;
this wisdom to me give,

By them to order all my ways ;
and happy I shall live.

45 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts and fear,
to compass me unite ;

Beset with danger, still I'll make
thy precepts my delight.

46 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is,
thou, Lord, art yet more near ;

Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
thy promises sincere.

47 Secure, substantial peace have they,
who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
nor frowning danger awe.

48 Thy testimonies, and thy laws
I'll keep with special care;
For all my works and ways, each one,
before thee open are.

P S A L M CXXI. *As the 148th.*

U PWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tow'r
To which we fly;
His grace is nigh,
In ev'ry hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
To fall in fatal snares;
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from such fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall good men keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,

Shall

Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there:

Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade;
To guard our heads
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy son,
To save our souls from death?
Can't we then trust our Lord,
To keep our mortal breath?

We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call us home.

P S A L M CXXI. *Common Measure.*

WE, to the heav'ns lift up our eyes,
whence comes expected aid;
Our hope on God's great name relies,
who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Thy feet from falling he sustains;
thy guardian never sleeps;
The Lord, with ever wakeful eyes,
his chosen people keeps.

3 His kind protection, like a shade,
will be thy sure defence;
Nor sun nor moon shall on thee shed
malignant influence.

4 From hurtful accidents of life,
his care can guard thee still:

From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
who lie in wait to kill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war
thy God can thee defend;

Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
safe to thy journey's end.

P S A L M CXXIV. *Common Measure.*

HAD not the Lord our cause espous'd,
his people now may say;

Had not the Lord engag'd his pow'r
to succour us this day;

2 When wicked men, with cruel wrath
inflam'd, against us rose;

Too feeble all our pow'r had been
their fury to oppose.

3 To their devouring jaws, our life
had been an easy prey;

Their rage, like an impetuous stream,
had swept us quite away.

5 Blest be the Lord, who chose this way
his mercy to enhance;

Then, when our danger loudest call'd,
to send deliverance.

5 Like poor intangled birds we lay,
caught in the fowler's net;

God's pow'r has broke their snares, and we
at liberty are set.

6 Since all our help lies in his name
who earth and heaven made;

Our

Our future hopes shall all depend
on his almighty aid.

P S A L M CXXIV. *Long Measure.*

HAD not the Lord, may we now say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallow'd deep in death,
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with chearful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in *Jehovah's* name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He, who upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

80 P S A L M CXXV. CXXX.

P S A L M CXXV. *Common Measure.*

WH^O place in *Sion's* God their trust,
like *Sion's* rock shall stand;

Like her, unmoveably be fixt,
by his almighty hand.

2 The wicked may afflict the just,
but ne'er too long oppress:

Nor force him, by despair, to seek
base means for his redress.

3 Be good, O righteous God, to those
who righteous deeds effect:

The heart that innocence retains,
let innocence protect.

4 Who turn aside to crooked paths,
the Lord will them destroy;

Cut off th' unjust, but crown his saints
with lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M CXXX. *Long Measure.*

FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, O God, we raise our cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast rais'd thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:

Let

PSALM CXXXIII. CXXXV. 81

Let penitents address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

4 Great is his love, and large his grace,
In the redemption of his son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Short Measure.*

BLEST are the sons of peace,
whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs, to serve and please,
thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
the saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
and all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXV. *Common Measure.*

YE servants of th' almighty Lord,
that heav'n and earth did frame;
Who at his house and altar wait,
praise ye his glorious name.

2 O let the goodness of the Lord
your best affections raise;
Your inward pleasure will increase,
together with your praise.

3 In him do all perfections meet ;
 his greatness knows no bound ;
 Whate'er by other Gods is claim'd,
 in him alone is found.

4 His pow'r created all at first,
 his pleasure rules them still ;
 His uncontrolled mind the heav'n,
 the earth and seas fulfil.

5 Supported by such glorious works,
 thy fame can never die ;
 But thy memorial shall endure
 to all eternity.

6 From *Sion* may the songs of praise
 sound forth with sweet accord ;
 Thy church is with thy glory fill'd ;
 O praise this highest Lord.

P S A L M CXXXVI. *As the 148th Psalm.*

GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sov'reign king of kings ;
 And be his grace ador'd.
 His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same,
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.

Thy

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He doth the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.

His mercies sure,
Just themes of praise,
To endless days,
Unchang'd endure.

P A R T II.

5 Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign king of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

84 P S A L M. CXXXVI.

6 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

7 He sent his only son
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8 Give thanks to God alone,
To God the heav'nly king;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P S A L M CXXXVI. *Long Measure.*

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

4 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

5 He sent his son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. *Common Measure.*

TO magnify the Lord, our souls,
your best affections raise;
In joyful hymns, whilst angels hear,
we sing thy matchless praise.

2 Within thy church, thy constant truth
and goodness we proclaim;
These raise our wonder, and display
the glories of thy name.

86 P S A L M CXXXIX.

3 In our distress to thee we cry'd,
and thou our pray'r didst hear;
Thou didst support us with thy strength,
and with thy comforts cheer.

4 Kings shall to thee glad homage yield,
when they thy word shall hear;
In thy blest ways they'll joyful go,
for great thy glories are.

5 The Lord, tho' he's inthron'd on high,
does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his searching eye
beholds with just neglect.

6 Thy former kindnesse prevent
our fears, when in distress;
Thy hand will save us from our foes,
thy pow'r their wrath repress.

7 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
shall fix our happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
shall his own work compleat.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Long Measure.*

LORD, when we have to do with thee,
In vain we seek to be conceal'd;
Thou know'st us perfectly; to thee
Our very thoughts are all reveal'd.

2 Both when we sit and when we rise,
Our walking and our lying down;
To thee our works and all our words,
Better than to ourselves are known.

3 On ev'ry side, within the reach
Of thine incircling arm we lie:
Whose force we neither can resist,
Nor 'scape the notice of thine eye.

4 Could we remove to th' utmost sea,
Wing'd with the swiftest morning ray;
Thy hand, which thither must support
Our flight, would our abode betray.

5 If o'er our sins we think to draw
The blackest curtains of the night;
All will be clear to thee: for what
We darkness call, to thee is light.

6 Our inmost reins by thee possessest,
With all th' affections seated there,
To thee, who mad'st those hidden springs
Within the womb, must needs appear.

P A R T II.

7 In all thy works, O Lord, we see
The footsteps of thy wond'rous skill;
And, to excite our praise, we find
Within ourselves more wonders still.

8 Lord, we admire the various thoughts
And the wise counsels of thy mind;
Their sum is infinite; yet all
Are dear to us, because they're kind.

9 If we should count them, they are more,
In number, than the spreading sand;
When we awake, we thee adore;
And still thy works our thoughts command.

10 Lord

10 Lord, when our thoughts accuse us not
Of living in a false disguise;
We're less afraid to undergo
The trial of thy piercing eyes.

11 Search us, and where thou see'st that we
Unwillingly have done amiss,
Correct our errors, and reduce
Our wand'rings to the way of bliss.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Long Measure.*

LORD, thou hast search'd, and seen us thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view
Our rising and our resting hours,
Our hearts and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 Within thy circling pow'r we stand,
On ev'ry side we find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
Our souls, with all the pow'rs we boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

4 Could we so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could we thy presence shun,
Or whither from thy influence run?

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou see'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

6 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
 Where'er we rove, where'er we rest:
 Nor let our weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

P S A L M CXLV. *Long Measure.*

WE will extol thy sacred name,
 Thou king of saints, and God of love;
 We'll bless thee daily now; 'twill be
 Our work eternally above.

2 Our praises should be high, like thee,
 Whose greatness all our thoughts exceeds.
 Thy fame's not to one age confin'd;
 The next shall tell thy mighty deeds.

3 We'll shew the glories of thy state,
 And thy amazing works proclaim:
 All men, who hear our songs of praise,
 Shall gladly join to do the same.

4 And like the inexhausted springs
 Of mercy, so their joys shall flow;
 Their tongues thy faithfulness shall sing,
 And thine abundant goodness show.

5 Thou, Lord, art full of grace and love;
 To anger slow, but glad to spare;
 To all thy creatures good and kind,
 O'er all thy tender mercies are.

6 Thou, Lord, from all these works of thine,
 Some thankful tribute dost receive;
 But where their pow'rs do fail, thy praise
 Among thy saints shall ever live.

7 These

7 These happy subjects, to declare
 Thy kingdom's glory, never cease;
 That men the triumphs of thy grace
 May know, and all thy pow'r confess.

P A R T II,

8 Thy kingdom, Lord, shall ever stand,
 Tho' often undermin'd in vain:
 Oppressed goodness is sustain'd
 By thee; when falling, rais'd again.

9 All creatures do expect from thee
 Supplies of seasonable food:
 Thy open-handed bounty fills
 Their longings with desired good.

10 God's truth and perfect righteousness
 In all his ways and works appear:
 He gives kind answers to their pray'rs
 Who call on him, and are sincere.

11 There's none that fear him can complain,
 That they, in vain, have sought his aid:
 He hears their cries when in distress,
 And saves them when they are afraid.

12 God's preservation shall reward
 The good man's duty and his love;
 But the bold crimes of wicked men,
 At length, shall their sure ruin prove.

13 Mean while, our tongues shall be em-
 Thy chearful praises to proclaim; [ploy'd
 Let all the world adore thy pow'r,
 And ever bless thy holy name!

P S A L M. CXLV. *Long Measure.*

WE'LL thee extol, our God, O king,
we'll bleſs thy name always :
Thee will we bleſs each day, and will
thy name for ever praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd,
his greatneſs ſearch exceeds :
Race unto race ſhall praiſe thy works,
and ſhew thy mighty deeds.

3 We, of thy glorious majeſty
the honour will record ;
We'll ſpeak of all thy mighty works,
which wond'rous are, O Lord.

4 The Lord is very gracious,
in him compaſſions flow ;
In mercy he is very great,
and is to anger ſlow.

5 The Lord *Jehovah*, unto all
his goodneſs doth declare ;
And over all his mighty works
his tender mercies are.

6 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
the giver of all good ;
And thou, in time convenient,
beſtow'ſt on them their food.

7 Thy hand thou op'neſt lib'rally,
and, of thy bounty, gives
Enough to ſatisfy the need
of ev'ry thing that lives.

8 The

92 P S A L M CXLVI.

8 The Lord is just in all his ways;
holy, in his works all.

God's near to all that call on him,
in truth that on him call.

9 He will accomplish the desire
of those who do him fear :

He also will deliver them;
and he their cry will hear.

10 The Lord preserves all who him love,
that nought can them annoy :

But he, all those that wicked are,
will utterly destroy.

11 Our mouths the praises of the Lord
to publish cease shall never ;

Let all flesh bless his holy name,
for ever and for ever.

P S A L M CXLVI. *Common Measure.*

PRAISE God: the Lord praise, O my soul,
I'll praise God while I live:
While I have being, to my God,
in songs, I'll praises give.

2 Vain are our hopes from mighty kings;
whose glories, at their death,
Sink to the grave, and all their thoughts
do vanish with their breath.

3 O happy is that man, and blest,
whom *Jacob's* God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
and on his God is staid :

4 Who

- 4 Who made the earth and heav'ns high,
 who made the swelling deep,
 And all that is within the same :
 who truth doth ever keep.
- 5 Who righteous judgment executes
 for those oppress'd that be ;
 Who to the hungry giveth food ;
 God sets the pris'ners free.
- 6 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
 the bowed-down doth raise :
 The Lord doth dearly love all those
 who walk in upright ways.
- 7 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
 the orphan's help is he :
 But yet by him the wicked's way
 shall overturned be.
- 8 The Lord shall reign for ever more,
 thy God, O *Zion*, he
 Reigns to all generations ;
 praise to the Lord give ye.

P S A L M CXLVI. *Long Measure.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, our hearts shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine ;
 Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Why should we place in man our trust ?
 Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

3 Happy

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On *Israel's* God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas, and all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

6 He loves his saints, he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O *Sion*, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains!

P S A L M CXLVII. *Long Measure.*

O Blest employment of our lives,
To praise the God whom we adore!
How pleasing to ourselves and him!
Nothing becomes a good man more.

2 Unsearchable his wisdom is,
His pow'r so great, it knows no bound;
He raises up the meek, but throws
The stubborn finners to the ground.

3 To God your grateful praises sing,
Whose bounty all things does maintain:
Who covers heav'n with wat'ry clouds,
And for the earth prepares the rain.

4 He

4 He makes the tender grafs to grow
On mountains, which were parch'd and dry.
Wild beafts receive from him their food,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 All thofe are lovely in his fight,
That in his faith and fear abide;
He views his children with delight,
Who in his truth and grace confide.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

YE boundlefs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame:
His praife your fong employ
Above the ftarry frame;

Your voices raife,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To fing his praife!

2 Thou moon, that rul'ft the night,
And fun, that guid'ft the day,
Ye glitt'ring ftars of light,
To him your homage pay:

His praife declare
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air!

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praife his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:

4 He

He still shall last,
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shewn,
 His wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey:
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

5 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love:
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

P S A L M CL. *Long Measure.*

O Praise the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows!
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
 Which he, in our behalf, hath done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
 1 The breath he doth to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

P S A L M CL. *Common Measure.*

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
 his grace he there reveals;
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
 for there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 while you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love
 your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
 proclaim your maker blest;
 Yet, when my voice expires in death,
 my soul shall praise him best.

S E L E C T

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I. *Common Measure.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
my rising soul surveys, [lost
Transported with the view, I'm
in wonder, love and praise!

2 O! how shall words, with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare,

That glows within my ravish'd heart;
but thou can'st read it there!

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom those comforts flow'd.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
which tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
the glorious theme renew.

F 2

6 When

- 6 When nature fails, and day and night
 divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 thy mercy shall adore!
- 7 Thro' all eternity, to thee
 a joyful song I'll raise;
 But, O! eternity's too short
 to utter all thy praise.

H Y M N II. *Common Measure.*

WHAT blessings, Lord, thy bounty gives,
 let me not cast away;
 For God is paid, when man receives;
 t' enjoy, is to obey.

2 Yet, not to earth's contracted span
 thy goodness let me bound;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 when thousand worlds are round.

3 Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
 presume thy bolts to throw;
 Or deal damnation round the land,
 on each I judge thy foe:

4 Teach me to feel another's woe;
 to hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 that mercy shew to me.

P A R T II.

- 1 If I am right, O! teach my heart
 still in the right to stay;

H Y M N III.

101

If I am wrong, thy grace impart
to find that better way.

2 What conscience dictates to be done,
or warns me not to do ;

This, teach me more than hell to shun ;
that, more than heav'n, pursue.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride,
or impious discontent,

At ought thy wisdom hath deny'd,
or ought thy goodness lent.

4 Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
since quick'ned by thy breath :

O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
thro' this day's life, or death.

5 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
all else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not ;
and let thy will be done !

6 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,

One chorus let all beings raise !
all nature's incense rise !

H Y M N III. *Common Measure.*

THOU God of wisdom, make me wise,
the way of life to know ;

Thy Christ, to my enlight'ned eyes,
in all his glories shew.

2 O ! let his love enkindle mine,
and all my soul subdue ;

Make me to him myself resign,
And form me all anew.

3 And whilst I bear a Saviour's name,
let me obey his laws;
Nor ever my profession shame,
or once desert his cause.

4 Thus may I hope, tho' once undone,
to be restor'd again;
Thy just and dreadful wrath to shun,
and heav'nly life obtain.

5 O! let these glorious hopes refine
and elevate my soul;
To heav'nly things mine heart incline,
and meaner joys controul.

H Y M N IV. *Common Measure.*

LORD, what hard heart can still withstand,
and still rebellious prove?
Refuse to bow to thy command,
and to accept thy love?

2 O! gracious Lord, since thou hast still
the kind design pursu'd,
And to the dictates of thy will,
my heart at last subdu'd;

3 With full consent to thee I bow;
resume in me thy throne;
I'll not a single thought allow
that would thy rights disown.

4 On all the wonders of thy love,
I my glad thoughts employ;

And

And thus my dull affections move,
and animate my joy.

5 With chearful trust, whilst here I stay,
my soul shall rest on thee:

My life and strength, my guide and way,
thou, blessed Lord, shalt be!

6 Oft will I lift believing eyes
up to thy throne above;

And oft, on wings of hope, will rise
towards those seats of love.

7 Thus will I evermore proceed,
in what I have begun:

Help, Lord, thy constant help I need,
that this great work be done!

H Y M N V. *Common Measure.*

LORD, by profession we are thine,
devoted to thy will:

O! may we ev'ry law divine
with constant zeal fulfil.

2 From common and inferior things
we now divided stand;

Subjects unto the King of kings,
and all at his command.

3 O! may we always live and act,
becoming such a claim!

And never more commit a fact
which will disgrace our name!

4 Nay, we would still in zeal improve,
grow more devoted still;

Feel more the force of holy love,
and better do thy will.

H Y M N VI. *Common Measure.*

VAIN are our hopes of high delights,
if faith in us be dead;

A vital pow'r alone unites
to Christ, our living head.

2 Faith must with glad subjection bow,
to all it's sov'reign's laws;

God will his holiness avow,
whilst pardon he bestows.

3 When from our guilt he sets us free,
we must be clean within;
Nor could he send his son to be
the minister of sin.

4 The faith that purifies the heart,
and kindles holy love,
Will, to the soul, true life impart,
and fix it's hopes above.

5 The faith that, with prevailing pow'r,
can earth and hell withstand;
Will, in the great decisive hour,
our souls to God commend.

H Y M M VII. *Common Measure.*

O! 'Twas the dawn of heav'nly day,
when Christ, the Lord, appear'd:
He chas'd the former night away,
and all the shadows clear'd.

2 Those

- 2 Those who were once wrapt up in night,
without a glympse of day,
Then saw the source of saving light,
his brightest beams display.
- 3 Surprizing love and goodness, Lord!
it claims our highest praise;
For ever let it be ador'd,
and holy wonder raise.
- 4 The gospel shines, and God appears,
great on his throne of grace;
With pitying eyes, attentive ears,
and with a gracious face.
- 5 Christ! 'tis a name of sweetest sound,
diffusing life and grace;
We'll gladly spread his fame around,
and loudly sing his praise.

H Y M N VIII. *Common Measure.*

- A**WAKE, my soul! the awful day
is coming swiftly on,
When thou must leave this house of clay,
and fly to worlds unknown.
- 2 When thou must rise to realms of light,
where all the holy dwell;
Or sink, with all the sons of night,
to misery and hell.
- 3 O! to what region must thou go?
where will thy lot be cast?
In heav'nly bliss, or hellish woe,
when this short life is past?

- 4 Is Christ thy Saviour? God thy God?
and heav'n thy chosen rest?
Would'st thou with them make thine abode,
and there be ever blest?
- 5 Where all in prompt obedience move,
glad to perform their parts;
Whilst holy joy, and heav'nly love,
tune all their tongues and hearts.
- 6 Would such delights, my soul, as these,
yield happiness to thee?
Such work, and such companions, please,
thro' all eternity?
- 7 'Tis thy concern thy state to know,
and that without delay;
And to what regions thou must go,
when thou hast dropt thy clay.

H Y M N IX. *Common Measure.*

- M**Y soul, from all created things
withdraw thy weary eyes;
A while stretch thine aspiring wings,
and pass the utmost skies.
- 2 Leave far behind each shining star,
and to their maker soar;
There meet with beauties greater far,
there gaze, and there adore.
- 3 In him consummate fulness dwells;
the utmost glories shine;
Glories that cloath all beings else,
with splendor all divine.

4 Forget

- 4 Forget thyself, and, bowing low,
his height immense admire;
'Till rev'rence, and religious awe,
the purest thoughts inspire.
- 5 With humble trust dismiss thy cares,
and on his love depend;
To him commit all thine affairs,
to him thyself commend.
- 6 Let high esteem affection raise;
devotion warm thy breast.
Let thankful love excite thy praise;
in him alone be blest.
- 7 In solemn worship homage pay,
his constant help implore;
Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day,
and thus solicit more.
- 8 Without reserve to him submit,
all his commands fulfil;
Leave him to judge, and do what's fit,
nor once oppose his will.

H Y M N X. *Common Measure.*

- L**ORD, what a feeble frame is ours!
how vain a thing is man!
How frail are all his boasted pow'rs!
and short, at best, his span!
- 2 Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
and cuts the yielding air;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
e'er it can well appear.

- 3 So pass our fleeting years away,
and time runs on it's race;
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
nor will it slack it's pace.
- 4 But, Lord, what mighty things depend
on our precarious breath!
For soon this dying life must end,
in endless life or death.
- 5 O! make us truly wise, to learn
how very frail we are;
That we may mind our grand concern,
and for our change prepare!
- 6 May think of death, and learn to die
to all inferior things;
Whilst our glad souls still soaring fly,
tow'rds life's eternal springs.
- 7 This course will prove us wise indeed;
'tis the high road to bliss;
To heav'n it will directly lead,
where boundless pleasure is.
- 8 There let our treasure ever be;
be this our great design,
To dwell for ever, Lord, with thee,
and feast on joys divine.
- 9 Then may we bid our years roll on,
and time make haste away;
The sooner will our souls be gone,
to endless life and day.

H Y M N XI. *Common Measure.*

MY God, thy wisdom I adore,
 nor will I doubt thy love;
 Tho' with afflictions, long and sore,
 thou should'st my faults reprove.

2 Thy just resentments have been slow;
 thy stripes have gentle been,
 Compar'd with my deserts, I know,
 and with mine heinous sin.

3 Thou, Lord, in all my griefs and pains,
 dost still a father prove;
 My sinking heart thy hand sustains;
 and can I doubt thy love?

4 My God, I know thou dost intend
 my greatest good in all;
 The errors of my life to mend,
 and to refine my soul.

5 Work thou thy will, in thine own way,
 and tho' I feel thy rod,
 With grateful heart, I still will say,
 my Father, and my God!

H Y M N XII. *Common Measure.*

ALL glory to thy name be paid,
 for this rich mercy, Lord!
 That full remission may be had,
 and glorious hope restor'd!

2 Grant, I may ne'er this grace abuse;
 or thence a licence take,

Thy

Thy rightful empire to refuse,
thy righteous laws to break.

3 O! let this love enkindle mine,
set all my soul on fire;
Exalt my voice to strains divine,
and utmost praise inspire.

4 And whilst with tuneful tongue and heart,
I celebrate this grace,
Let all mine actions bear a part,
and my whole life be praise.

H Y M N XIII. *Long Measure.*

I Cannot shun the stroke of death;
Lord, help me to surmount the fear;
That, when I must resign my breath,
Serene, I may my summons hear.

2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart;
In me let ev'ry sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart;
From wilful sins, my hands restrain.

3 Grant, that I may, with holy zeal,
The ends of living, close pursue;
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do.

4 To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high,
Glorious, I hope, with him to rise;
Why should I fear with him to die?

5 O! for an heart that soars above,
And scorns the trifles here below!

H Y M N XIV. XV.

111

An heart, all warm'd with holy love,
But dead to sense and outward show!

6 Let all my bliss and treasure lye,
Where, *in thy light I light shall see*;
The soul may freely dare to dye,
That longs to be possess'd of thee.

H Y M N XIV. *Long Measure.*

BLEST be the Father of our Lord!
The God who ever reigns on high!
Who doth, by him, to us afford,
Of heav'nly things a rich supply.

2 Him God hath raised from the dead;
And saints on earth, and saints above,
Unite in him their common head,
Ty'd fast by holy bands of love.

3 Thro' him we heirs of heav'n are made;
And by his Holy Spirit seal'd,
Pledge of the life that ne'er shall fade,
And glories, then to be reveal'd.

4 Let us, with thankful hearts, proclaim
This free, and rich, and wond'rous grace!
We celebrate our Saviour's name,
And to his Father offer praise.

H Y M N XV. *Long Measure.*

GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

2 To

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives;
Our needy souls thy grace relieves.

3 To thee we now glad homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
Direct to thee our joyful eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.

4 On thee we'll evermore depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend!
Thy wisdom shall our portion chuse;
Nor will we once thy choice refuse.

5 And, should thy measures seem severe,
Thy just rebukes we'll calmly bear;
Without complaint, to thee submit,
Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

6 Smile on us, Lord, we'll sing thy praise;
Correct, yet we'll commend thy ways;
We'll our own thoughts and wills resign,
And still approve each choice divine.

H Y M N XVI. *Long Measure.*

O God, my Saviour and my king!
Of all I have, or hope, the spring;
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts, or gives my neighbour pain;
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
That would disturb his happiness.

3 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind;
Still wish them safety, health, and ease,
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.

4 O! still let my compassion flow,
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And in his sorrows bear a part,
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

5 And should my neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish spite with love;
Slow to resent, tho' he should grieve,
And always ready to forgive.

6 Let love in all my conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine;
Thus would I thy disciple prove,
Great Prince of peace, great King of love!

H Y M N XVII. *Long Measure.*

GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heav'n's shining arch was spread,
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the joys of men's abode,
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling near the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Given by him, by him restor'd:
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So, when our souls by him are led,
Thro' unknown regions of the dead;
With joy triumphant shall they move,
To seats of nobler life above.

HYMN XVIII. *Common Measure.*

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
to dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
and bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
when dangers round us rise?

3 Dost thou a father's pity feel,
for all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak,
to sooth their sad complaints?

4 On this support our souls shall lean,
and banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
if God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succour prove,
'midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades, thro' which we pass,
shall echo with his praise.

HYMN

H Y M N XIX. *Long Measure.*

TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
 Source of the light that rules the day;
 Which, while it gilds all nature's frame,
 Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
 Which gave the sun of righteousness;
 Whose nobler light salvation brings,
 Diffusing healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may *Jesus* shine,
 With beams of light, and love divine;
 Quick'ned by him, our souls shall live,
 And by him fed, shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd,
 From north to south, from east to west;
 Successful may his gospel run,
 Wide as the circuit of the sun!

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
 When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,
 Christ his true lustre shall display
 On all his saints, thro' endless day?

H Y M N XX. *Common Measure.*

HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!
 how various and divine!
 Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
 and bright as heav'n they shine.

2 He, to eternal glory calls,
 and leads the wond'rous way

To

To his own palace, where he reigns
in uncreated day.

3 *Jesus*, the herald of his love,
displays the glorious prize;
And shews the wond'rous joys above,
to our admiring eyes.

4 He perfects what his hand begins,
and stone on stone he lays;
'Till firm and fair the building rise,
a temple to his praise.

5 The songs of everlasting years
that mercy shall attend;
Which leads, thro' suff'rings of an hour,
to joys that never end.

H Y M N XXI. *Long Measure.*

ETERNAL Father, how divine!
How noble is this gift of thine!
That thou should'st send thy only son,
Thine holy and beloved one!

2 The noblest object of thy love,
To leave his throne and crown above,
To dwell with mortals here below,
And pain and death to undergo!

3 How full of wonder is that love,
Which could determine him to move
From that illustrious palace, where
The heav'nly host did him revere!

4 Which made him all this glory leave,
A veil of human flesh receive,

To suffer grief and misery,
And after all, to bleed and die!

5 All this thou didst for us, that we
Holy and happy too might be;
And with thee in thy kingdom reign,
When thou, dear Lord, shalt come again!

H Y M N XXII. *Common Measure.*

COME, let us join our chearful songs,
with angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
but all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
to be exalted thus:

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
for he was slain for us.

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
let air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
and speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join with us
to bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
and to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XXIII. *Long Measure.*

IN grateful hymns, ye saints, display
Jehovah's grace and boundless love;
 A love, whose flame inspires the songs
 Of all the heav'nly host above.

2 Tho' we on earth can't sing like them,
 We praise him in a lower strain;
 A fervent mind, that breathes his praise,
 With stamm'ring lips, he'll not disdain.

3 With grateful hearts we bless the Son,
 Who left the heav'n of his abode,
 And to this lower world came down,
 To bring us, wand'ers, back to God.

4 Amazing love! 'tis infinite,
 No thought its endless depth can sound;
 It heav'n's high arch exceeds for heighth,
 And for extent the world's vast round.

5 Lord, to advance thy praises here,
 Increase our light, enlarge our love;
 And, by thy grace, our souls prepare
 For better songs, and joys above.

H Y M N XXIV. *Common Measure.*

ALL that's within me bless and praise
 my Saviour and my king;
 When he's the subject of the song,
 who can forbear to sing?

2 Endear'd to us by strongest ties,
 of his redeeming love;

Which,

Which, by a thousand torments try'd,
did ever constant prove.

3 Tho' death and hell unite their pow'rs,
against his enterprize,

The spotless Lamb resolves to fall
a willing sacrifice!

4 Then, conq'ring sin, and death, and hell,
in glory he did rise;

And, in bright triumph, soon ascend
his throne above the skies.

5 Thence, in due time, he will return,
with a celestial train

Of saints and angels, who shall sing
the wonders of his reign.

H Y M N XXV. *Long Measure.*

THE table of the Lord displays
The dear memorials of his love;
The church below applauds his grace,
In consort with the church above.

2 Lord, when we gave ourselves to thee,
Drawn by the pow'rful bands of love,
We vow'd for ever thine to be,
And, by thy grace, we'll constant prove.

3 Thee we have always gracious found,
Thy promises are firm and true;
The ties, wherewith our souls are bound,
We now most solemnly renew.

4 Since thou art ours, may we retain
Thy sacred image, which we bear,

Since

Since we are thine, may we remain
Ever devoted to thy fear.

5 Ourselves to thee, Lord, we resign;
All we possess to thee belongs;
Thou hast our vows, our hearts are thine,
And thou shalt ever have our songs.

H Y M N XXVI. *Common Measure.*

BLEST be the everlasting God,
the father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

3 Tho', for abolishing of sin,
our flesh must turn to dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
so all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waste away.

5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'till Christ shall call us home.

H Y M N XXVII. *Common Measure.*

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
how sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
their help omnipotence.

2 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
makes ev'ry region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
and smooths the boist'rous seas.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
and humbly hope for more.

4 My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my doom,
shall joyn my soul to thee.

H Y M N XXVIII. *Long Measure.*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shews,
That mercy crowns it, at it's close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
And as his bounty doth us feed,
Still may our steps his counsel lead.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,

G

We

We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful wait what thou see'st fit.

4 In scenes exalted, or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

5 We now with humble faith adore
Thy matchless love, thy saving pow'r :
And celebrate the grace of God,
For richest gifts on men bestow'd.

6 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

H Y M N XXIX. *Long Measure.*

GOD of our lives, thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year ;
This mortal life thou dost prolong,
And wak'st anew our annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Thro' his last yearly period run !

3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
“ I will retain this vital breath ? ”
Thus far, at least, *we are in death.*

4 That breath is thine, eternal God !
'Tis thine to fix our souls abode ;

It holds it's life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they rest secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

H Y M N XXX. *Common Measure.*

WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
who bid the mountains rise;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
and built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom which ordain'd
the sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
and all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
who fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd all creatures by his word,
and then pronounc'd them good.

4 And man the chief, ordain'd to rule
o'er all his works below,
T' enjoy this world, his works admire,
and the great author know.

5 Of goodness and of piety
the noble joys to prove;
And when to angels like become,
rise to their bliss above.

6 Bless God, my soul! who thee design'd
for endless bliss on high;

And,

And, with the sons of light, in praise,
love, and obedience vie.

H Y M N XXXI *As the 148th Psalm.*

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunder of his hand
Keeps the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Has promis'd bliss,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his various works
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs.
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfill
His wise decrees,
And sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty king
Of glory condescend,

So far as to become
Our father and our friend ?

We love his name,
We love his word ;
Join all our pow'rs
To praise the Lord.

5 And O ! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace !

My pow'rs, with joy
And wonder, see
That strength of love
He bears for me.

6 At length, the Lord the judge,
His awful throne ascends ;
And drives the wicked far
From all his faithful friends :

Then shall the saints
Compleatly prove
The heighths and depths
Of all his love.

H Y M N XXXII. *Common Measure.*

FATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
who dwell'ft in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still, thro' all thy works,
the universal Lord.

2 All hallow'd be thy sacred name,
o'er all the nations known ;

Advance

Advance the kingdom of thy grace,
and let thy glory come.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee :
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and may we rest
contented in thy will.

5 Our sins and trespasses we own ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
That mercy we to others shew,
we pray the like from heav'n.

6 Our life let still thy grace direct,
from evil guard our way ;
And in temptations fatal path
permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
all glory's due to thee :
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

F I N I S.